

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Woman Who Finds Herself

the hardest and the most important things which a woman who has responsibilities has to do is to find herself and her place in the new world she has entered.

When she first begins her novitiate she is frightened at whatever is new. She loses sleep over matters of but little consequence, because she is self-centered and imagines that every one is looking with interest at what she does, whereas people in general are concerned about their own affairs, and are, as a rule, unaware of her existence.

Appalled at Difficulties.

When real difficulties arise she is absolutely appalled. The idea of looking them calmly and dispassionately in the face and seeing them vanish is a lesson that she only learns by slow and painful degrees, after she has experienced many bitter losses and disappointments, and had the sentimental and emotional side of her disposition severely disillusioned.

Disillusioning Education.

But if there is in such a woman a rock-bottom of sane common sense and common sense, she will recognize after a while that disillusioning which in itself is disagreeable, is a process of education and development. Little by little a woman begins to have an idea of the true inwardness and meaning of life. She adjusts herself to her place in it, and, if she is a wise woman, makes the best and the most of whatever she has in hand, or whatever the future may bring her.

Self-Poise and Independence.

Out of honest effort and sincere desire for effectiveness in service will come in time a sense of self-poise and independence, which is worth everything else that she may gain. She has found out the secret of solving practical difficulties, of looking boldly in the face of inadequacy and bridging it when she needs to, instead of sitting down to bewail herself and putting her burdens off on other shoulders than her own. In the end she is no longer given to evoking sympathy of her imagination. She has become acquainted both with herself, her capacity and the length to which that capacity will stand her in stead when an emergency arises.

It is quite wonderful to note that when a woman finds herself, others are sure to find her. She is so much more appreciated and valued when she is definitely placed and graded than when she is a vague and undetermined quantity in the scheme of the universe.

To the Guest at Ment.

The spirit of hospitality is exhaled from the welcome extended by Marguerite Ozden Bigelow in Harper's Bazar to the guest at table. Her greeting says:

"Sit down at table, friend, and be certain that we are happy to have you with us. We can assure you that you have been invited for refreshment, and not by compunction; for joy, and not for world reasons. Give us yourself in greeting in return for our most hearty welcome."

"We make no apologies for what may be on the table for others who may be gathered around it. We are content that you take us on our own merits as they may seem to you."

"Nor do we fear criticism, for criticism can never permanently hurt those who strive to offer their best. We shall not explain ourselves, for we are sure that we shall be understood by our own."

"If you are at one with us we belong to you, and our hearts must follow our extended hands. If you are not at one with us, you are invited from all holds and obligations. We do not wish to be sought save in friendliness."

"But, friend, this home is holy, as holy as your own home, and to enter a home is to stand on the threshold of life with a key in hand. Enter gently, friend, joyfully and in love, for we are glad to see you."

From the Ibsen Country.

Ruth McEnery Stuart has been browsing about in the Ibsen country and recording delightful impressions she has received. Among other things she has this to say of what she saw at Stockholm, Sweden, where young dancers, real postcard peasants, in gay colors, went through the figures of national Scandinavian dances.

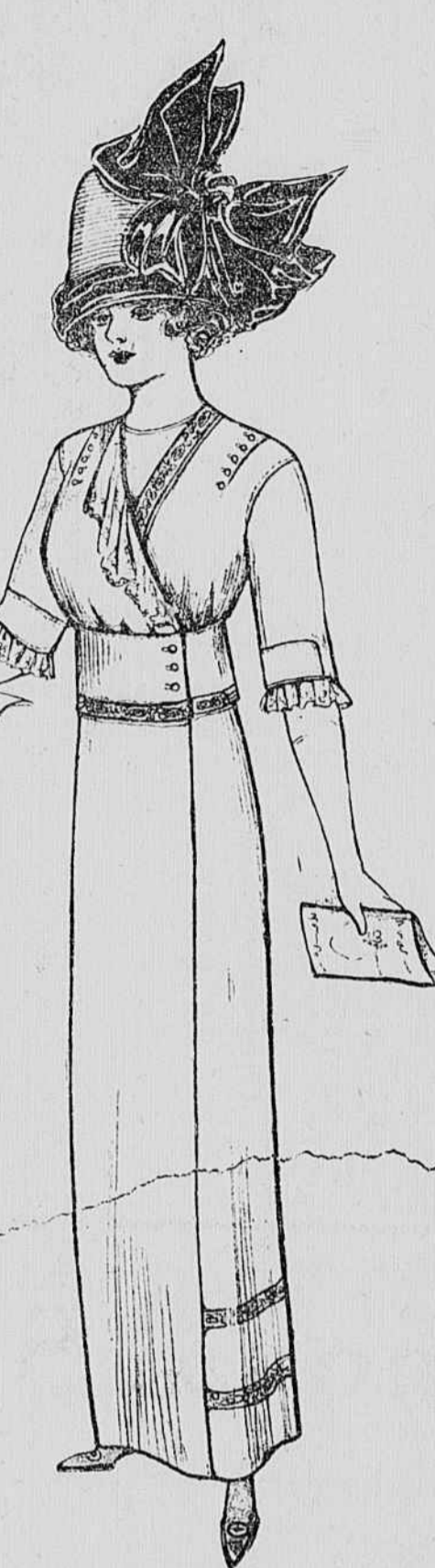
Mrs. Stuart considered the performance ravishing from first to last. So heartily, says she, do the dancers enter into the spirit of fun when the dance is at its height that it takes a stolid audience not to burst forth into applause. All the dancers, she continues, are much like games, games of coquetry, generally ending with playful surrender. In one, I remember, when the music suddenly threw out a staccato command, every youth seized his fair partner by the waist, and her bodily up in the air, caught her, and with a sort of sleight of hand gave her a twist which brought his arm back in position, and they whirled off the stage together, in pairs, faces all aglow with the joy of youth.

The Soldiers Love for Lee.

Garnett Bradford, Jr., has in the July Atlantic Monthly an article on "Lee and His Army," which is a remarkable tribute to the great commander, soldier and man about whom it is written.

In explanation of the soldiers' love for Lee, Mr. Bradford says: "Lee loved his men and trusted them. It is curious to read Wellington's expressions of disgust and contempt for his peninsular army, and then to turn to the words, ever varied, in which Lee declares over and over again his confidence in his soldiers and affection for them. After Gettysburg he told them: 'You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit which commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country and the admiration of mankind.'"

"His soldiers were his children, and he mourned their loss with a parental passion of grief. In it is a wonder that his men loved him or that their love grew with years? After the war Lee was riding alone through the woods on his beloved Traveler, when he met an old Confederate. 'Oh, general,' he said, 'it does me so much good to see you that I'm going to cheer.' The general protested the utter inappropriateness. But the man cheered just the same."



SMART FROCKS FOR SUMMER FETES.

JUST FROCKS

Sheer Fabrics in Marquisesettes and Cotton Voiles Being Used in Fetching Combinations--Liberty Satins and Soft Finished Taffetas--Separate Lace Waists and Velvet-Faced Hat Brims.

The American woman of fashion has long since found out that her summer trousseau requires more thought and care in its preparation than that intended for other seasons of the year. The hot summer days call for sheer fabrics in frocks, and so very thin silks are made over lawn rather than taffeta, and cotton voiles are built upon the flimsiest sort of foundations. India silk slips are preferred under lingerie gowns of batiste and lawn.

Cotton voile, indeed, has advanced greatly in popularity for morning and afternoon frocks since it may be laundered as well as any other cotton material. While white voile is most popular, there are pretty patterns in dark shades with striped borders, and patterns in black and white, with polka dot borders. Made up with velvet girdles and touches of velvet on the sleeves these colored voiles are most attractive.

Effective and Serviceable.

Gowns of liberty satin are effective and serviceable, and are made up in charming shades. The same thing may be said of soft-finished taffeta silks. Many of the gowns have a jacket to match, but there is also a waist like the skirt to give the impression, when desired, of a single piece gown. Yokes and sleeves of transparent lace or net are worn as a desirable finish.

White lace waists over a color matching the gown are worn and are fashioned of flit and Irish lace. Such a waist is very smart with a light-weight serge costume in white, or with an elaborate pongee or taffeta costume.

Different waists this season are utilized to develop a pretty variety in costumes, and indicate a revival of the separate waists, so much worn some years ago. Clever women have discovered that they may be well dressed without having an endless number of costumes. A smart toilet with two or three separate waists will serve many purposes.

Velvet-Faced Brim.

The velvet-faced brim is a popular and generally becoming feature of midsummer hats, yellow straw, faced with black velvet, being a pretty vogue.

The Lost Dog.

A woman in one of the factory towns of Massachusetts recently agreed to take charge of a little girl while her mother, a seamstress, went to another town for a day's work.

The woman with whom the child had been left endeavored to keep her contented, and among other things gave her a candy dog, with which she played happily all day long.

At night the dog had disappeared and the woman inquired whether it had been lost.

"No, ain't it lost," answered the little girl. "I kept it 'most all day, but it got so dirty that I was ashamed to look at it; so I let it go." Exchange.

The Farmer.

The farmer who is y y
Enough to take his ee,
And study with his li
And think of what he ee;
He hears the clatter of the JJ,
As they each other tt.
And sees that when a tree dkk
It makes a home for bh.

A yoke of oxen he will uu,
With many haws and gg,
And their mistake he will exqq
When plowing for his pp,
He'll be busy, but much he sells,
And therefore little oo.
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also spoils his hose.
—The Boys' Banner.

A Selfish Boor.

Lyman Abbott, in the Chautauquan, makes the following comment on boorishness, classifying it as a product of selfishness rather than of ignorance.

Says he: "I was once at a wedding breakfast in a rural community of the West. The groom ate in silence the food that was set before him, dispatched his meal before the rest of us were more than half through, pushed back his plate, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and turning to his bride said: 'Well, Sally, you may as well get used to my way at the beginning, and I always leave the table when I have got through with my meal!'"

"With these words he went out to pick his teeth on the doorsteps, leaving his bride with a flushed face and a pained heart, the object of our commiseration."

The man was a boor, you say. True! What made him a boor? The fact that he selfishly thought of his own comfort. It never entered his head to inquire whether his conduct would be agreeable or painful to his bride.

The Introspective Habit

The following story, which young girls would do well to apply practically to themselves, is taken from an article recently written for the Atlantic Monthly, by Francis E. Leupp, and called "The Crooked Stick."

Referring to habits that tend to produce morbidity, he writes: "Laura, before she turned seventeen, had the introspective habit so fastened on her that sometimes she would abstain half a day from legitimate pleasures with her young friends because she felt constrained to punish herself for a passing mistake, and spend the remaining half in pitying herself because nobody interfered to prevent her martyrdom."

"Here were vanity, selfishness and hypocrisy, masquerading as conscientiousness; vanity, because she ascribed importance to a misdemeanor of aer own which she would in any one else descended to notice in any one else; selfishness, because she revelled in ostentatious suffering, even at the cost of discomforting all her family; and, lastly, because in her innermost heart she knew that the whole performance was a sham."

"Laura's parents were long undecided whether she ought to go to college. Whenever they seemed averse to the notion, she became most inquisitive to go, and this gave her opportunity of exhilarating exercise. When they finally concluded to send her, she lapsed into sluggish indifference, as who should say, 'Pray don't consider me in the matter. I am nothing but a sacrificial offering on the altar of discipline.'"

"Her mother's chief misgiving had been lest Laura, being thrown among a number of girls with no ties of kindred or of association, might stir their charity for her, might be humiliated by their treatment of her tantrums."

"And so it proved. As soon as the novelty of her unfamiliar environment had worn off, she began the self-punishing and self-pitying business. On the first occasion a few soft-hearted fellow-students, older than she, were touched by her distressed condition, which they attributed to homesickness."

"By the second time only one had failed to see through her; and at the next recurrence she had not a single sympathizer. She was obliged to nurse her depression in seclusion. This aroused her resentment, but as there was no home audience to play the first occasion, she found her self disregarded almost as if the earth had opened and swallowed her."

"A fourth fit of the same sort was so mortifying in its sequel that a fifth never got fully underway. The remedy had been found, but she might have lived to a ripe old age in the bosom of her family without obtaining what was best for her soul."



LUNCHEON DAINTIES

Cooling Drinks and Appetizing Salads to Serve as Aids to Appetite During Fervid July Days--Ingenuity of July Hostess Evolving Dainty Concoctions.

The fervid heat of July renders all light cold meat dishes, tasty sandwiches and salads, fruit cocktails and punches most acceptable. Rosamond Lammman, in Harper's Bazar for July, offers happy suggestions, some of which are given here:

Cherry Cocktail.

Wash, stone and thoroughly chill one quart of ripe, red cherries. Put them into cocktail glasses and cover them with a mixture of one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of orange juice, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of sherry.

Fruit Punch.

To one quart of strong lemonade add two cupsful of strong tea infusion, two cupsful of strawberry juice, one cupful of orange juice and two cupsful of grapefruit juice. Sweeten with two cupsful of sugar. Strain and serve from punch bowl in which has been placed a block of ice, one cupful of maraschino cherries and three oranges thinly sliced.

Jellied Chicken.

Clean and cut up two young fowls, cover with cold water, adding a little chopped carrot, onion and celery, with one bay leaf, three whole cloves, six peppercorns, and one tablespoonful of salt. Cook slowly until very tender.

Remove the meat, take out the bones and chop. Reduce the stock to one pint and cool it. Skim off the fat, reheat and strain over one tablespoonful of dissolved gelatine. Season with a little pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Add the chopped meat, back in a plain mould and chill. Serve thinly sliced and garnished with parsley or cream.

Cream Cheese Salad.

Season two large cream cheeses with salt and white pepper. Moisten with a little cream, shape like tents, arrange on crisp lettuce leaves with French dressing poured over them. For sandwiches cut thin slices from a loaf of white bread and remove the crust. Beat into one cupful of stiff mayonnaise, one-half cupful of minced plums. Add a pinch of salt and spread evenly between the slices.

Mount Vernon Mousse.

Turn into an ice cream mould which has the inside lined with halves of ripe blue plums, a plain vanilla mousse. Let the blue skins of the plums come next to the mould, and chill until the mousse is altogether firm.

Cherry Bouillon.

Stem and wash one quart of good

Suffragists and Anti-Suffragists

That competition is the life of trade is an apparent truth to even a casual observer of the struggle in which one pair of humanity, taking itself seriously, pits itself against another pair, equally and desperately in earnest.

Failing competition, the incentive to keen and continuous endeavor is lacking, and energy insensibly relaxes, because it lacks the stimulus of opposition.

The Leaven and Its Leavening.

The anti-suffragists, whether men or women, have therefore, been the leaven that has leavened suffragism. Their horror over what they have been absurdly pleased to call the "unwomanly woman," their sense of being shocked at the idea of women taking a hand in politics or government, their alignment in behalf of masculinity, draws the distinction very severely, just where the thinker and observer naturally expects it might, could, would and should—fall.

The suffrage women are a busy lot. The questions which occupy them they believe to be of the utmost importance upon the economic independence of their sex, an independence which they are striving by every means in their power to bring about. As they look over the field whereon the game of life is played, they see the forces of organized capital and labor confronting each other. Between the two, the individual woman players, without concentrated purpose, or leadership.

Prepared for Criticism.

As reformers, suffragists are prepared for criticism. They are well aware that the number of those willing to continue conditions unchanged, in the face of changed environment and demand, is not a small number, for still, as of yore, there are many who elect not to trim their lamps and keep them burning against the cry for action. Having addressed themselves to their work, the spirit of the suffragists admit of no looking backward and the voice that holds them up to censure, but increases their courage and determination.

Honest, But Mistaken.

The more thoroughly a woman is imbued with the ideal of suffragism the more loyal she becomes to other women. So she accredits the anti-suffragist with honesty, if mistaken convictions. But the suffragist, while wishing for support and sympathy, by no means tries to force her opinions upon others. She realizes that a great proportion of the world's trouble is caused by those who desire to cast everybody overboard in a mold of their own. She carries out her doctrine to the extent of according to others the right of differing from her, and is quite willing to leave their change of heart and views in the convincing test of time. For the suffragist has ceased to argue. Her cause, she believes, in regard to argument, is established, her verdict won.

Wide Class Differences.

Setting aside variance of opinion between suffragists and anti-suffragists, there are also wide class differences. Among the leaders of the suffrage party are many men and women whose names are famous and widely known. But the rank and file of the movement embraces the great army of workers, other men and women who are grappling with the practical questions and the conditions that render honest and industrious living in its bearing upon the present and the future more and more difficult every year. The anti-suffragist spirit is displayed largely among the ease-loving and the well-to-do; among those who make a fetish of what they are pleased to term their conservatism. The lines have fallen to them in pleasant places. They have no motive for change, and scant respect for the revolutionary spirit that possesses humanity in pursuit of what seems to them, but a vain shadow.

Answer to Universal Need.

Across the field of the present, wherein the game of life is played, these dissimilar and contending factors pass and re-pass. But the presence of the one, the suffragist, is an inspiration to the other, the anti-suffragist, is really the answer of awakened humanity to a need that is so broad and so universal as to circle the earth in its thrill and conviction.

A Chevalier Bayard.

On a railway train, says the Herald and Presbyter, a little incident was noted by eyes quick to see what happened on the road.

A woman, evidently a foreigner, and very poor, was encumbered by a baby in her arms, while two older children doted tuggered at her skirt. In addition, she had several nondescript bundles.

When the brakeman announced her station she was bewildered and greatly impeded in her efforts to leave the car. She was not quite sure of the place, and she could not easily manage the babies and the bundles.

A tall young fellow, conspicuously well dressed, had been sitting near, apparently lost in a book which he was studying.

He tossed the book aside, seized the heavy bundles and gave a hand to one little brown-faced child, assisted the whole party out of the car, first ascertaining that they were at the right point of their journey. Lifted his hat to the mother as if she had been his own, and resumed his place and book as if he had done nothing uncommon.

Satisfactory Compliment.

During a visit with Queen Victoria, who had sent for him to her palace, the poet Longfellow was seated himself in a quieting coach at the close of the royal interview, when a working man, hat in hand, approached and asked:

"Please sir, yer honor, an' are you Mr. Longfellow?" Said the poet, "I am Mr. Longfellow." "An' did you write 'The Psalm of Life'?" continued the questioner. "I wrote 'The Psalm of Life,'" was the answer. "An' yer honor, would you be willing to take a working man by the hand?"

Instantly Mr. Longfellow responded with a warm hand grip. In telling the story later the poet said, "I never in my life received a compliment that gave me greater satisfaction."

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